

Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's *Antonio* then,
I could not finde him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the towne to seeke me out,
His counsell now might do me golden seruice,
For though my soule disputes well with my sence,
That this may be some error, but no madnesse,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the Ladies mad; yet if I were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and giue backe affayres, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discret, and stable bearing
As I perceiue she do's: there's something in't
That is decciueable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter *Oliuia*, and *Priest*.

Ol. Blame not this haste of mine: if you meane well
Now go with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And vnderneath that consecrated roofe,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most iustious, and too doubtfull soule
May liue at peace. He shall conceale it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what do you say?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
And hauing sworne truth, euer will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heauens so shine,
That they may fairly note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*

Fine Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Clowne* and *Fabian*.

Fab. Now as thou lou'st me, let me see his Letter.

Cl. Good M. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Cl. Do not desire to see this Letter.

Fab. This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence desire
my dogge againe.

Enter *Duke*, *Viola*, *Curio*, and *Lords*.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Oliuia*, friends?

Cl. I sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how doest thou my good
Fellow?

Cl. Truly sir, the better for my foes, and the worse
for my friends.

Du. Iust the contrary: the better for thy friends.

Cl. No sir, the worse.

Du. How can that be?

Cl. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an asse of me,
now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Asse: so that by my
foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my
friends I am abused: so that conclusions to be as kiffes, if
your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why
then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Cl. By my troth sir, no: though it please you to be
one of my friends.

Du. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Cl. But that it would be double dealing sir, I would
you could make it another.

Du. O you giue me ill counsell.

Cl. Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once,
and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double
dealer: there's another.

Cl. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the olde
saying is, the third payes for all: the triplex sir, is a good
tripping measure, or the belles of *S. Benet* sir, may put
you in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can foole no more money out of mee at this
throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak
with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my
bounty further.

Cl. Marry sir, lullaby to your bountie till I come a-
gen. I go sir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that
my desire of hauing is the sinne of couetousnesse: but as
you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it
anon. *Exit.*

Enter *Antonio* and *Officers*.

Vio. Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.

Du. That face of his I do remember well,
yet when I saw it last, it was besmeard
As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre:
A bawling Vessell was he Captaine of,
For shallow draught and bulke vnprizable,
With which such scathfull grapple did he make,
With the most noble bottom of our Fleete,
That very enuy, and the tongue of losse
Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

1 Off. *Orsino*, this is that *Antonio*

That tooke the *Phoenix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,
When your yong Nephew *Tim* lost his legge;
Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindeesse sir, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech vpon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe,
What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. *Orsino*: Noble sir,

Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you giue mee:

Antonio neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,

Though I confesse, on base and ground enough

Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:

That most ingratull boy there by your side,

From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth

Did I redeeme: a wracke past hope he was:

His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde

My loue without retention, or restraint,

All his in dedication. For his sake,

Did I expose my selfe (pure for his loue)

Into the danger of this aduerser Towne,

Drew to defend him, when he was beset:

Where being apprehended, his false cunning

(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)

Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And

And grew a twentie yeeres remoued thing
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purse,
Which I had recommended to his vse,
Not halfe an houre before.

Vio. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,

No interim, not a minutes vacancie,

Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter *Oliuia* and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Countesse, now heauen walkes
on earth:

But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,

Three months this youth hath tended vpon mee,

But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,

Wherein *Oliuia* may seeme seruiceable?

Cesario, you do not keepe promise with me.

Vio. Madam:

Du. Gracious *Oliuia*.

Ol. What do you say *Cesario*? Good my Lord.

Vio. My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.

Ol. If it be ought to the old time my Lord,

It is as fat and fullome to mine care

As howling after Musicke.

Vio. Still so cruell?

Ol. Still so constant Lord.

Du. What to peruersenesse? you vnciuill Ladie

To whose ingrate, and vnauispicious Altars

My soule the faithfull'st offerings haue breath'd out

That ere deuotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Ol. Euen what it please my Lord, that shal becom him

Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)

Like to th' Egyptian theefe, at point of death

Kill what I loue: (a sauage ielousie,

That sometime fauours nobly) but heare me this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,

And that I partly know the instrument

That scrowes me from my true place in your fauour:

Liue you the Marble-breasted Tyrant still.

But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,

And whom, by heauen I sweare, I tender deere,

Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,

Where he sits crowned in his masters spight.

Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:

I sacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,

To spight a Ravens heart within a Doue.

Vio. And I most iocund, apt, and willinglie,

To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye.

Ol. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vio. After him I loue,

More then I loue these eyes, more then my life,

More by all mores, then ere I shall loue wife.

If I do feigne, you witnesses above

Punish my life, for tainting of my loue.

Ol. Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Ol. Hast thou forgot thy selfe? Is it so long?

Call forth the holy Father.

Du. Come, away.

Ol. Whether my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.

Du. Husband?

Ol. I Husband, Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No my Lord, not I.

Ol. Alas, it is the basenesse of thy feare,

That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Feare not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes vp,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter *Priest*.

O welcome Father:

Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence

Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended

To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now

Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou dost know

Hath newly past, betwene this youth, and me.

Priest. A Contract of eternall bond of loue,

Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,

Attested by the holy close of lippes,

Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings,

And all the Ceremonie of this compact

Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:

Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue

I haue trauiell'd but two houres.

Du. O thou dissembling Cub: what wilt thou be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,

That thine owne trip shall be thine overthrow:

Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,

Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet:

Vio. My Lord, I do protest.

Ol. O do not sweare,

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.

Enter *Sir Andrew*.

And. For the loue of God a Surgeon, send one pre-
sently to sir *Toby*.

Ol. What's the matter?

And. Has broke my head a-crosse, and has giuen Sir
Toby a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your
helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

Ol. Who has done this sir *Andrew*?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Cesario*: we tooke

him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell incarnate.

Du. My Gentleman *Cesario*?

And. Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head

for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir

Toby.

Vio. Why do you speake to me, I neuer hurt you:

you drew your sword vpon me without cause,

But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter *Toby* and *Clowne*.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt
me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxcombe.
Heere comes sir *Toby* halting, you shall heare more: but if
he had not bene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you
other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how ist with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th' end on't:

Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?

Cl. O he's drunke sir *Toby* an houre agoe: his eyes

were set at eight i'th morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures panyn: I

hate a drunken rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this haucke

with them?

And. Ile helpe you sir *Toby*, because we'll be drest to-
gether.

To. Will you helpe an Asse-head, and a coxcombe, &

a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?

Ol.